"Winks"

A Book of Recitations for Boys

Alice Lewis Richards.

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"SMILES"

A BOOK OF RECITATIONS FOR GIRLS

"THOUGHTS"

A BOOK OF READINGS FOR THE
GIRLS AND BOYS IN TEENS

BY

ALICE LEWIS RICHARDS

LISLE

"WINKS"

A BOOK OF RECITATIONS FOR BOYS

BY

ALICE LEWIS RICHARDS

CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO

1900

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ALICE LEWIS RICHARDS

PREFACE

IN WRITING this little book of recitations it has been the aim of the author to help fill a long-felt want, namely: A work written especially for children, with recitations suitable for all occasions, that will please the children.

Any little boy can find in this book "a piece to speak" from the time he learns to talk until the time shall arrive for him to lay away his building blocks for the trades that come in after years.

A. L. R.

Every reader of "Winks" should have "Smiles."
One book is not complete without the other.

. . . DEDICATION . . .

To my son Lisle Clinton,
Whose head is full of "thinks"
About a "future president,"
I dedicate this book of "Winks."

Many of these simple poems
Were written just for you;
And it seemed to give you pleasure
When you've told "What Ma Kin Do."

When you've grown to be a man, Lisle,
And this little book you hold,
You will think with sweet remembrance
Of the "speakin' days" of old.

Should you in your great ambition
Reach the heighth that you would gain,
The prayer of those who love you is,
You'll be an honor to the name.

Little boys with heads that think,
Little boys with eyes that wink,
When you through these pages look,
I hope you'll all enjoy your book.

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LISLE'S DREAM

As I lay in my bed,
I was thinking one night,
And watching the moon,
As she shed her pale light;
I was thinking of Santa,
As a little boy will,
And wondering how he found
All the stockings to fill.

I was wondering too,
In a little boy's way,
Where he got all the things
For the little boys' play.
Then my eyes got heavy
And I let the lids drop,
And soon found myself
In old Santa Claus' shop.

'Twas the funniest shop
That I ever have seen,
For they made every toy
On a differ'nt machine.
There were brownies for workmen;
But old Santa was boss,
And the brownies all liked him,
'Cause he never got cross.

Then he showed me all round,
For he wasn't afraid
That I'd steal a new patent
Or learn a new trade.
There was everything there
For in war or in peace,
From the battle ship Maine,
To a flock of tin geese.

There were horses and mules,
And engines and cars,
And cannons and soldiers,
For the little boys' wars.
There were bayonets and swords,
And pistols and guns,
And the brownies were hustling
To get them all done.

They were filing and sawing,
And chizzling with care;
For they all took an interest
In what they did there.
They were boring and drilling
On presses and lathes,
And painting and striping
In a great many ways.

In another big room,
Where the dollies were dressed,
Was where the girl brownies
Were doing their best.
They were measuring and cutting,
And fitting the waists;
And basting and seaming,
In the greatest of haste.

They were brushing and curling
The dollies' fine locks,
And getting them ready
For the baby girls' socks.
They were chatting and laughing
In the merriest of glee,
And were making queer faces
At old Santa or me.

As I stood there watching
Them working away,
They would giggle and laugh
At all that I'd say.
Soon the moon came out
And dropped down a beam;
Then I threw them a kiss,
And awoke from my dream.

WHAT ROBIN SAID

A ROBIN sat upon a limb
    Within a cherry-tree;
I sat the while a-watching him,
    And he sat watching me.

I said to him, "Old bird, look here;
    I think it isn't fair
For you to come here every year
    And eat the largest share.

"The cherries on this pretty tree
    Are all so nice and sweet,
And all for brother Jack and me,
    And not for you to eat."

Then robin winked his little eyes,
    And shook his knowing head,
And for a bird looked very wise,
    And this is what he said:

"Now, little boy, you're selfish quite,
To say they're all for you.
Please stop and think! Would it be right
For me to say that too?

"The cherries on this pretty tree,
Which you claim as your own,
Were grown for little birds like me,
And not for boys alone.

"I only wish to have my share,
And would not greedy be,
And so I only take what's fair
For one wee bird like me.

"I would not throw those cruel sticks
Which boys like you think right,
Nor would I any scarecrow fix
To kill you off with fright.

"I would not fire a cruel gun
To tear your limbs with lead,
Nor would I shoot it 'just for fun'
And pierce you through the head.

"But willingly with you I'd share
The cherries nice and sweet,
And think it only just and fair,
That you should live and eat."

Then robin sang a little song,
And flew away from sight,
My conscience told me I was wrong
And said that he was right.

And ever since I treat them kind
And share my cherries too,
For little birds belong to God
The same as children do.

ROB'S TEMPTATION

When Rob was left all by himself,
A pie was on the pantry shelf.

He eyed it with a hungry smile,
Then hung his head and thought awhile.

"Now, mama's gone to spend the day,
I'll eat that pie while she's away.

"I don't believe that she will care,
If once I eat more than my share."

He felt, he knew it would be wrong,
To eat that pie while she was gone.

But yet it was a tempting sight!
And not to have an extra bite

Was more than Rob could stand, he thought;
So from the shelf the pie he brought.

He cut that pumpkin pie clear through,
And then he cut the halves in two.

He ate a piece, and then another;
And then appeared his absent mother.

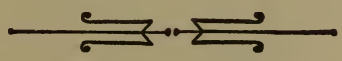
The story now is finished quick:
Without a shoe or whipping stick

She made him eat and eat of pies,
Until the tears streamed from his eyes.

Now, when he's left all by himself,
No pie can tempt him on the shelf;

For in the night and in the day,
Poor punished Rob will often say:

"Oh, take away the 'punkin' stuff!
I've had enough, I've had enough!"



ALL HAPPY IN SPRING

"Cold winter is over,"
The rose bug said;
So he stretched himself
And crawled from his bed.

"The springtime has come,"
Said butterfly gay;
So he opened his wings
And flew far away.

"The sun is a-shining,
And the frost is all gone";
So chirped the old cricket
As he struck up his song.

The fly in the orchard
Was warmed by the breeze,
So crawled from the bark
To fly in the trees.

The ant in her nest
Felt the sunshine warm,
So came from her hill
To work on her farm.

The worm in the earth
Knew springtime had come,
So crawled from the ground
To bask in the sun

"The clover's in bloom,"
The honeybee thought;
So flew from his hive
And honey he sought.

The worm in the earth,
The fly in the tree,
The ant in her nest,
The good honeybee;

The chirping old cricket,
The bug on the wing,
And gay butterfly,
Are all happy in spring.

WHEN GRANDPA WAS LITTLE

When my grandpa was little
He was a cute little chap,
And would cry to sit
On his grandmother's lap,
And tease her to feed him
The old-fashioned "pap"
Which made him grow big.

But when he got older
He made lots of noise;
He could wrestle and fight
Like the rest of the boys;
And he played with the queerest
Of old-fashioned toys
That he made out of wood.

And my grandpa wore curls;
Now just think of that!
And a roundabout coat,
With a homespun cravat,
And a pair of knee trousers,
And a Scotch sailor hat,
Or a home-knitted hood.

But don't it seem queer
How the folks called him "Bub"?
How he and his sister
Made pies in the mud,
And how they could sail
Their ships in a tub,
And play 'twas a sea?

And grandpa could whistle
Or sing a nice song;
Or learn to recite a piece
That was long;
Or spell down his class
On a word they spelled wrong,
When he was little.

Oh, I wish I had lived
When my grandpa was small!
We'd of had some great times
At playing baseball,
And husking the corn in
The fields in the fall,
And rolling the pumpkins.

Or I wish he was little again
Like me;
And we'd have lots of fun
Playing the yard was a sea,
And fish from the roof with
A limb of a tree,
With a pin for a hook.

I wish he'd been my brother
Instead of young Joe,
We never would have fought
And struck a mad blow,
For grandpa is the very best
Fellow I know,
And I wish he was little again.

GUY'S IDEAL

I LIKE to see a pretty girl,
With charming, winsome face;
The one who has the wavy hair,
And form of natural grace.

I like to see her go to school,
And like to hear her play;
But much, I fear, of precious time,
By girls is thrown away.

I much admire the little maid,
Who takes the broom to sweep;
And helps her mama, as she should,
To keep the kitchen neat.

I like the girl who makes her dress,
The one who makes her bed;
I like the one who knows just how
To make her mother's bread.

I like the girl who makes the pies,
And makes the berry jam;
And knows just how to fry the eggs,
That go so nice with ham.

And so my views you see are plain,
And when I'm older grown,
I really think — perhaps, some time
I'll take one for my own.

But she must know just how to work,
As well as how to play;
And she must sew my buttons on,
So as to make them stay.

She must not speak of mother dear,
Regardless of respect;
She must not waste my precious cash,
Nor my advice reject.

So she must be the model girl,
The one that I will take,
One of the good old-fashioned kind,
Who can sing or sew or bake.

THE NEW SISTER

I's GOT a baby siser,
    What comed th' other day,
Her ain't nigh bid er nuff t' eat,
    Ner bid er nuff t' play.
Her's dest as weeny, teeny,
    An ain't no longer 'n 'at.
Her ain't no purty bonnet,
    Ner any kind o' hat.

Her's dest wapped up 'n flannel,
    An' layin' in th' bed
Along aside o' mama—
    Can't even see her head.
I dess we'll call her Johnny,
    'Cause 'ats th' nicest name—
'At's what they calls my papa,
    An' nen they'll be th' same.

But my name's Billie William,
An' 'at's th' nicest one;
An' pa he named it to me,
'Cause I's his only son.
I'm bigger 'n our baby,
'Cause drandma told me so;
An' her's seen lots o' babies,
An' I dess her ought'r know.

I's glad her is a sis er,
An' not a boy like me;
Nen her won't want my trinkets,
'Cause her'll want dolls, you see.
Poor 'ittle baby sis er!
I's wonder what her'll say,
When her's bid er nuff t' eat,
An' bid er nuff t' play.

JOHNNY'S CHOICE

I'd ruther be a little boy,
An' have a bat an' ball,
Than be a girl with hair in curl,
An' have a lovely doll.

I'd ruther be a little boy,
'Cause they are sweeter far,
Than all the girls with pretty curls,
No matter who they are.

For little boys is always good,
An' always do their share;
But girls will shirk the hardest work
An' that is never fair.

An' little girls is naughty too,
An' naughty things they'll say;
They hide our hats an' break our bats,
An' bother when we play.

An' they are all cry babies too,
    An' 'fraid of little mice;
An' fighting bats an' hungry rats,
    What little boys think nice.

They're always telling naughty tales,
    About us little boys;
An' then they'll say we're rough in play
    An' make a drea'ful noise.

But, we'd ruther all be little boys,
    An' make the noise of ten,
Than all be girls with pretty curls,
    For they don't grow to men.

ONE EASTER DAY

One bleak and blustering winter day,
Old Speckle hid herself away.

She found a place beneath the barn,
That seemed to her all free from harm;

And there her little nest she made,
And day by day her eggs she laid,

Until they numbered twelve and one,
And then her laying days were done.

She looked with pride upon her nest,
Then settled down to take a rest.

There lived some boys upon the farm,
Who never meant old Speckle harm,

But when they found that cozy nest,
Old Speckle's eggs went with the rest;

But far much better 't would have been
To left alone that sitting hen.

But these two boys had planned a way,
Of feasting high on Easter day.

They boiled those eggs till nicely done,
Then colored every single one;

And Oh! they were a pretty sight,
In many shades of colors bright.

They then prepared a menu fine,
And asked their chums to come and dine.

But poor old Speckle! Easter morn
Found her hopes all wrecked and torn;

Nor would she ever, ever guessed
Those Easter eggs were from her nest.

But such a feast those robbers spread,
Of colored eggs and buttered bread.

The guests all seemed in eager haste,
Those showy Easter eggs to taste;

They could not wait, e'en had they tried,
But broke the shells and peeped inside.

And what they saw is quickly told—
'Twas only chicks not very old.

Then quickly changed the bill of fare
And mine poor hosts were in despair.

Each guest departed from that spread,
To seek his restful little bed;

And all agreed 't would better been,
To left alone that sitting hen.

So now in made or stolen nests,
Old Speckle sits in peaceful rest;

And often since those boys will say,
They'll ne'er forget that Easter day.

OUR AUNT LUCY

Our Aunt Lucy, she lives 'ith us,
En she looks after wees children,
To see what wees does.
En what she says wees has to mind.
She's crosser 'n anything some days;
En she don't like childern's ways—
Aunt Lucy don't.

She says childerns all 'like;
En she didn't act so when she's little,
Ner nobody else them days.
She says childerns nicknamey,
En pert en sassy these days;
En rough en tomboyish in ther ways—
Aunt Lucy does.

She wears goggles, en looks over 'em
At wees childern; but she kin see
With her own eyes,
When wees childern make faces at her.
En somehow she most alus knows
Where all her snuff en boxes goes—
Aunt Lucy does.

She says childern aint brot up right,
En orter be brot up differ'nt—
Like they used to be.
She says girls orter work more,
En know how to weave en spin,
En how to cook, en milk, en skim—
Aunt Lucy does.

Oh, my! she's homelier 'n a broom!
En Sue says she's all out o' fashion,
En away back.
En she says Sue ain't no 'count!
Ner Sue can't cook nuthin good,
But when she's young she could—
Aunt Lucy could.

My aunt says when Sue marries
Her man won't 'mount to much,
'Cause men don't anyhow!
She says nobody wants a girl
'Less she kin keep house neat,
En keep her temper nice en sweet,
Like Aunt Lucy can.

But she never got married,
'Cause she never liked nobody
As well as herself.
Sue said she never had a chance;
En she said her chances were many —
But she never would 'cept of any —
Aunt Lucy wouldn't.

WILFORD'S PIECE

I'M BUT a little lad, you know,
And haven't much to say;
But thought I'd try to speak a piece,
Because it's Children's Day.

There's lots and lots of bigger folks
That ain't as brave as me;
They'd be afraid to come up here
Where all of you could see.

But no one's going to frighten me
Because I'm young and small,
I'm going to speak my little piece
And try to beat you all.

BENNIE'S PENNY

Once a shining penny
Was picked up on the street,
By little blue-eyed Bennie,
Who found it at his feet.

Oh! thought little Bennie,
Some candy I will buy
With this shining penny,
And eat it on the sly.

Quick ran little Bennie
In a baker's shop,
And with his shining penny
He bought a candy drop.

When home went little Bennie
From the baker's shop,
He wished he had his penny
Instead of that sweet drop.

Sad was little Benny
Because he had done so;
He'd spent his shining penny,
With nothing now to show.

Thus thought little Bennie:
"When I find upon the street
Another shining penny,
That penny I will keep."

SIS'S BEAU

I've got an older sister
Who's got a stylish beau,
An' every time he's coming
We're always sure to know.
She curls her frizzly frizzles
And makes her head a fright,
Then stands before the looking-glass
To view the homely sight.

I guess she thinks she's purty!
She smiles so sweetly sweet,
An' that new fellow he smiles too,
When at the door they meet.
They set up in the parlor nights
An' turn the lights down low,
An' then they talks — 'bout nuthin —
My sister an' her beau.

I listened t'other evening
To hear what they might say,
An' thought they both was dreamin'
In a kind o' crazy way.
I'd like to tell my mother
Jest all the things I heard;
But then they'd know I listened,
So I won't say a word.

She's kind o' lost her memory
Since this new feller come,
An' goes around a-smilin'
An' chewin' wads o' gum.
She acts like she was dreamin'
In day as well as night,
'Cause all the time she's thinkin'
An' don't do nuthin right.

She burns the pies to cinders,
An' burns the breakfast toast;
She peppers up the custard,
An' sugars up the roast.
She puts things in the butt'ry
That don't belong in there,
An' hangs her Sunday dresses
Upon a parlor chair.

An' when she has these mixin' spells
An' puts things out o' place,
An' aunt jest calls her back to earth,
You orter see her face.
It's redder 'n any roses
That's here er up above,
An' then I kind o' pities her,
Because the girl's in love

It's alus after Sunday
When she cuts up this way,
I s'pose she's just a-thinkin'
Of some bright future day;
But aunt, who's livin' with us,
An' what she says is so—
That girls don't 'mount to nuthin
When ther minds is on a beau.

AN AWFUL BOY

There was a little laddie once,
Who an awful habit had,
Of finding fault and saying words
Which sounded very bad.

No difference if the rain would fall,
Or if the sun would shine,
Wherever this poor boy would go
He had an awful time.

He did not like to go to school,
And so he'd run away,
And miss his lessons oftentimes
Because he'd rather play.

He never cared much how he looked,
Or what he had to wear;
And 'twas an "awful chore" he said,
To comb and brush his hair.

He said the pupils always stared
In such a "goppy" way,
It made him wish he never had
To "speak" on any day.

His teacher was so "awful cross,"
And very partial too,
And blamed him for the naughty tricks
That other boys would do.

Poor little boy! We fear his path
Will not be smooth and straight,
Unless he changes from his ways
Before it is too late.

For little boys should go to school,
And love their teacher well,
And never have a tardy mark,
Nor tales on others tell.

We must not look for others' faults,
For we have many too,
And watching ours we'll always find
We'll have enough to do.

A BOASTING PAIR

A CARROT and turnip grew in the same ground,
While the carrot grew long, the turnip grew round.
And the carrot was proud of its far-reaching length,
While the turnip was proud of its roundness and strength.
So the carrot would boast in a carroty way
Of its far-reaching roots and its leafy display.

And the turnip would tell, in a turnipy style,
Its circumference would equal a fourth of a mile.
And the carrot would smile in a satisfied way,
When it saw how much it had grown in a day.
And the turnip could see without any eyes
It was growing to be of a monstrous size.

Thus they lived and they boasted the whole summer through,
And the while they kept boasting they grew and they grew.
Then the autumn came on with the great county fair;
And the gardener then pulled this poor foolish pair.
He put them in sight in the vegetable hall,
Where they were both praised and noticed by all.

They were both of fine shape and of very large size;
And were labled alike with a card of first prize;
Then he carried them home with a smile of delight,
And into the cellar they were put out of sight.
But there in the cellar, so dark and so cold,
They kept up their boasting the same as of old.

But the wife of the gardener had company one day,
And the poor, foolish pair were put out of the way;
For the deacon and pastor had come there to eat,
And they wanted some soup, and they wanted some meat.
So the turnip and carrot from the cellar were brought,
And shared the same fate in a soup boiling-pot.

Thus the moral to this, if any you see,
Is: Don't flatter yourselves wherever you be;
But watch for your faults and many you'll find;
And boasting *forever* keep out of your mind.

MAMA'S DEAR LAP

Oh, it's nice to grow big
When a fellow is small,
And it's nice to grow wise
As a fellow grows tall.

But when you've grown big
There is something that's gone,
That will never come back
As the years rush along.

It's the times in the days
That have slipped out of sight,
When mama would rock you
And cuddle you tight.

When she kissed all the "hurts"
On your hands or your head,
When she sung you to sleep
And tucked you in bed.

And when you're too big
For your mama to hold,
You'll wish in your heart
That you wasn't so old.

For there'll never be sleep
Like the sweet little nap
That you stole when a baby
On your mama's dear lap.

And there'll never be days
In the fast-coming years,
Like the days when mama
Could kiss away tears.

Oh, it's nice to grow wise,
And it's nice to grow tall,
But you miss all the hugs
Of the boy who is small;

And if I had my wish
I would stay a wee chap,
And always find rest
On mama's dear lap.

TWO LITTLE BOYS

Two little boys went out to play,
Upon a stack of clover hay.

Same little boys slid down the stack
And gave their heads an awful whack.

These little boys began to cry,
And wished they hadn't climbed so high.

Same little boys then tried it o'er,
And whacked the heads they whacked before.

These little boys were satisfied,
And there they sat and cried and cried.

A HELPING HAND

There's a way and you will find it,
If you have a willing hand,
That will make the world seem brighter,
As you journey through this land.

While you sit in homes of pleasure,
And you know not want nor care,
Do you think that in a measure
You may have more than your share?

Do you think of those who suffer
From the cold and hunger too?
Do you know that there is something,—
Some kind act that you might do?

Do not wait for some one greater,
Who has done kind deeds before;
Do not think 'tis all his duty,
And for you there's nothing more.

Do not wait for some one richer
To perform a generous deed;
Do not think you've naught to give them,
When you see some one in need.

But be ever ready, willing,
Help to make the sad hearts light;
Though not blessed with greatest riches,
You can give your little mite.

Give it then to help the needy,
'Tis a work that's noble, grand;
And to you will come the blessing
For having lent a helping hand.

PATSY'S AND TOM'S THANKSGIVING

Little Patsy and Tom
Had not lived very long
Before they could run out to play;
So their mama was glad,
When they acted so bad,
To have them get out of her way.

They were pretty and wise,
With very bright eyes,
And faces so smiling and sweet;
And with jackets alike,
That were dotted with white,
They looked so cunning and neat.

With their caps of light brown,
That were trimmed in fine down,
They were dressed for wet or dry weather;
And they loved one another
Like a sister and brother,
So they always were seen together.

They dwelt near a barn
That was built on a farm,
And never had been to town;
But they wandered away
At the break of the day,
All over the farm, up and down.

They would drink from the rill
At the foot of the hill,
And roam through the winding lane;
They would scamper about
All the time they were out,
And never knew care or pain.

They could run in a race
At a very swift pace,
But they never seemed tired at all;
It was wonderful too,
How this fine pair grew,
And how large they were in the fall.

And they grew plump and fat,
And the farmer saw that,
And said: "They show their good livin';
So I'll take them to town,
Just to show them around,
The day before 'tis Thanksgiving."

So he then did his best
To get them both dressed
In a way that was quite up to date;
Then he took them to town,
To show them around,
And there—he sold them by weight.

Poor Patsy and Tom
Did not live very long
To enjoy the pleasures of living;
For they got roasted brown
By some people in town;
And that was the turkeys' Thanksgiving.

US BOYS

Oh, it's the boys who did that!
And the boys who did this!
If there's trouble about,
Or a thing's gone amiss.

If there's a quarrel in the house
O'er a riddle or game,
Why the boys, to be sure,
Are always to blame.

When an old can is tied
To a cat, with a string,
Why no one but a boy
Would do such a thing.

If the bird's nest is robbed
Of the pretty blue eggs,
They are sure to go off
On a boy's pair of legs.

When a fly's lost a wing,
Or a hop-toad is dead,
It was some wicked boy
With a thought in his head.

If the last piece of pie
Has gone out of sight,—
There's a boy in the house
With a boy's appetite.

So it's always us boys
Who do every deed;
And it's always us boys
Who the punishment need.

And the sisters so kind
And so watchful o'er us,
Oh, they never do wrong,
Or begin any fuss.

No! it's us little boys,
So quiet and good,
Who bring all the coal
And split all the wood.

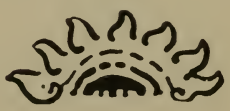
We must take all the blame
For all of these tricks,
And feel all the smarts
From the slippers and sticks.

And we don't think it right,
Nor consider it fair
For the girls to go free,
And *us boys* get *their* share.

WHEN I WAS A GIRL

When I was a girl
I used to wear
Bows of ribbon
Tied on my hair.
And little white gowns
All tucked and neat,
That reached most down
To cover my feet.
And a nice white bib
Tucked under my chin,
That was fastened on
With a darling pin.
And a sweet little cloak
And bonnet of white,
That made me look
Like a fairy sprite.
And soft little mitts
So nice and warm,
That grandma knitted
From sky-blue yarn.

When I was a girl
I used to play
With little girl toys
Most all the day.
And my dolls and kittens
All used to mind,
For they all belonged
To the calico kind.
And I used to climb
Up the kitchen stair
To see what grandma
Had hid away there.
And I used to tumble
And bump my head,
Till I saw the stars,
And I thought I was dead.
Then grandma would say:
"Oh, you are a joy,
But you never will live
To grow up a boy."



ROGER'S WISH

I WISH a little boy like me,
Could have a pair of wings,
En fly 'way off to Santa's town
To see him make his things.

I'd sit upon a steeple top,
Then Santa 'd never know
There was a little boy like me
A-watching him below.

I'd hide behind the steeple top
So Santa couldn't see;
En even if I made a noise,
He'd never think 'twas me.

'Cause Santa knows I'm awful good
When Christmas comes around;
En knows a gooder boy than me
Can't anywhere be found.

He knows I never tells no fibs,
Ner whacks the kitty's nose,
Ner ever pulls her fuzzy tail,
Ner steps upon her toes.

He knows a little boy like me,
Can't ever find him out;
But if I had a pair of wings,
I'd see what he's about.

I'd see him harness up his deer
En load his funny sleigh,
En keep as quiet as I could
Until he'd start away.

Then down I'd come from steeple top,
As fast as I could glide,
En watch a chance to hop his sleigh,
En steal a Christmas ride.

GOOD-NIGHT

Good-night, dear friends,
For now we close,
And may your rest
Be sweet repose.
You've listened well,
And listened long,
To every speech
And every song.

Now may the stars
And moon shine bright
To shed o'er you
A peaceful light
And guide you home.
Good-night, good-night.

SOME STYLISH "CUMPNY"

When our mother 's ast some cumpny
To come an' stay ter tea,
And the cumpny says ther comin'
Then I wist I wasn't me;
Fer she'll sweep an' dust the parlor
Till the dust is routed out,
Then she'll move the chairs an' sofa,
So's ter change 'em all about.
On the whatnot in the corner
She'll set things in a row;
Then she'll change the tidy ribbon,
So's the newest part 'll show.

On the spot what's on the carpet
She'll cover with a mat,—
One of sis's newest patterns,
Where she wove a dog er cat.
Then she's goin to cook some extras,
So we're sure ter hear her say;

An' she'll kill the fattest pullet
What has just begun ter lay.
Then the table 's set in china
With the shined-up silver ware;
An' our sis puts on the napkins,
Jest because the cumpny 's there.

Then afore the cumpny 's comin',
There's a lecture course fer me,
An' I'm teached the finest actin'
Of any kid y' ever see.
Oh! I mustn't ast fer chicken,
Ner another piece er pie;
Ner I mustn't grab fer sugar,
When the bowl is passin' by.

Ner I mustn't tell nobody
What our mother said ter dad,
'Bout him drinkin' from his saucer
An' his manners bein' bad;
Nope! I mustn't talk of nuthin!
But jest sit still an' mind,
While our mother an' my sister
Talk the cumpny deaf an' blind.

Oh, it's awful interestin' fer
Old daddy-boy an' me
To have some stylish cumpny
Come an' stay ter tea.
An' we're sposed ter set an' listen
'Bout the fashions in New York,
While old daddy-boy 's in mis'ry
A-eatin' with his fork.
But we've got to keep our silence
An' to mind our manners too,
So we must set to the table
Till the rest of 'em are through.

Oh, I ain't no boy fer cumpny,
An' I wist they'd stay away,
Er give me my share of victuals
An' send me out ter play.
Ner there ain't no fun in manners
Fer old daddy-boy an' me;
Ner there ain't no fun in havin'
Some stylish folks ter tea.

THE FIRST ROBIN

I HAVE heard a robin singing
In a leafless apple-tree,
And his notes of merry "cheer-up"
Was a welcome song to me.

He was singing midst the branches
In a voice so loud and clear,
That it really seemed to me
The lovely spring was here.

But I fear this little songster
Has come back a month too soon,
For the sun shone on the ground hog
And a mist was o'er the moon.

He'll regret he left so early
Where the zephyr breezes blow;
He'll be drenched in sleet and slush,
And be frozen in the snow.

Could I whisper to this songster,
My advice to him would be:
Just to wait a little longer
Till from snow and ice we're free.

And I'd tell him, oh, so kindly!
That the first worm hadn't come,
And the sparrows were so hungry
They had eaten every crumb.

THE MAN IN THE DARK

THERE'S a man in the dark, so the big folks say,
An' he keeps out o' sight of the children in day,
But watches 'em all in their actin' at play;
An' I guess it's so!

An' his eyes are as big as the owl's at night,
An' he sees all the girls an' boys who fight,
An' he's just a-waitin' to grab 'em tight;
An' hold 'em so.

His nose is Roman an' reaches his chin,
His fingers are long an' scratch like a pin,
An' his legs are weakly an' wobbly an' thin,
An' his back crooks over.

Ef you've played any games an' you didn't play fair,
Ef you've took more counts than your own honest share,—
Why, the man in the dark will be sure to be there,
An' watch you.

Ef a boy's been wicked er a girl's been bad,
Ef they've told a fib to ther mother er dad,
Ef they've et more cake than they orter of had,
Why jest look out!

Ef a boy gits mad an' he speaks his swears,
Ef he goes off to bed, an' his bed's upstairs;
An' he gits inter bed an' he don't say his prayers;
He'll be sorry!

Fer the man in the dark gits under the bed,
An' the girl or the boy jest covers ther head,
An' they'll wish ther prayers had all ben said;
When it's too late.

An' they jest quit breathin' fer a minit er two,
An' the man in the dark knows what to do:
So he crawls right out like me er you,
From under the bed.

Then he jumps right up an' so he stands,
With his eyes stickin' out an' a-pointin' his hands,
An' his wrists a-jinglin' some snaky-like bands
Right at you.

Then the boy in the bed can see through the
clothes;
An' he draws up his knees till they touch his nose;
An' his heart sinks down till it beats in his toes,
An' then stops.

Then he wishes he hadn't been bad that day,
An' his unsaid prayers he'll hurry to say;
Then the man in the dark jest slinks away
To ketch some other boy er girl.

FROGIE ON THE LOG

THERE was a little frogie
That hopped out in the spring;
He sat upon a hollow log
And then he tried to sing.

But his voice was very husky
And he couldn't sing a note,
For the frogie on the log
Had a frogie in his throat.

WHEN WORK AND ME FELL OUT

Now, Work and me could ne'er agree,
And so we quarreled one day;
I said to Work, "I'm going to shirk,"
And so I ran away.

For in my mind I thought I'd find
A place for lazy boys,
Where life was ease, with none to tease
Or mar their precious joys.

Where life was fun till set of sun,
And night was happy dreams;
Where boys who fished caught all they wished
In water-lily streams.

I ran away and thought I'd stay
Where work was yet unknown;
Where every boy had every toy
That he could call his own.

But no such spot where Work was not
I found in any place;
For Work was there, and everywhere
He stared me in the face.

Where'er I went old Work seemed bent
To win the running race;
From morn till night he kept in sight
With steady, watchful pace.

I'd turn away in sore dismay
To find a spot more blest;
But sad for me there seemed to be
No place where boys could rest.

And soon I turned, for home I yearned,
To try my luck once more;
But Work, I found, was hanging round
Just as he had before.

He said to me: "We must agree
And you no longer shirk!"
And then I thought I'd better not,
So I buckled into work.

BILL AN' ME

One day Bill an' me both got a cent
An' purty soon they both was spent.

We bought some suckers, big an' wide,
That fitted well our mouths inside.

We sot beneath a bloomin' tree,
An' swigged away, did Bill an' me.

I said: "It's good." Bill said: "It's slick,
This all-day sucker on a stick."

A bee flew by an' smelt the sweet,
An' looked as if he'd like a treat.

Then down he came so swift an' quick,
An' lit upon Bill's sucker's stick.

Then Bill was mad; an' said: "'Twas gall
Fer that air bee ter git it all."

But that air bee, he liked the stuff,
An' so he stayed to git enough.

Then Bill, he up an' hit the thing,
An' that air bee begun ter sting.

He lit upon Bill's freckled nose,
An' made it blossom like a rose.

An' then he lit upon his cheek,
An' swelled it up for more'n a week.

Then Bill got sick an' went to bed,
An' nigh got crazy in his head.

He raved of bugs an' snakes an' things,
With pizen bites an' pizen stings;

An' raved of flowers on bloomin' trees,
An' said they harbored stingey bees.

Then talked of suckers on ther sticks,
An' said that bee had played him tricks.

Then I was sorry for poor Bill,
An' cried because he was so ill.

Soon Bill got better much one day,
So him an' me went out to play.

Bill says to me, he says, says he,
"Let's not go near that bloomin' tree!

"An' when we gits some other cents,
We'll keep 'em till we're grown-up gents;

"An' never buy another stick
With candy that a bee can lick."

HE AND SHE

He was a lad with dimpled chin,
She was a lassie fair;
They to the cupboard went peeping in
To see what mama had there.

Brother and sister were the two,
Loving each other well;
Sharing alike as lovers do,
What to each other befell.

There in the cupboard in silent rows,
Jellies and jams they spied;
Stretching and peeping on tipsy toes,
"See goodies!" the mischiefs cried.

"Taste of 'em all," the laddie said;
Lassie gave her consent;
Knowing no fear, knowing no dread,
Into the work they went.

Tossing the covers a-near and far,
Fingers with dimples went in;
Lips were smacking o'er glass and jar,
Smearing the cheeks and chin.

Jellies and jams in silent rows,
Stood well the trying test;
Which is which? now no one knows,
But *they* know which is best.

Laughing and dancing in wildest glee—
Boy with dimple, girl so fair,
Mama comes peeping in to see
What befell the happy pair.

Faces are red as jelly now,
But soon they pale with fright,
For mama looks with clouded brow
Upon the dreadful sight.

He—the laddie with dimpled chin,
She—the lassie fair,
Hurried to bed and snugly in
Were tucked the guilty pair.

CLIFFORD'S WAY

When Christmas dawned one plenteous year,
The wind was bleak, the sky was drear;
But round a fire that sparkled bright,
Three children gathered in the light
To view each gift of toy or game
That to these happy children came.

But Clifford, a lad of thoughtful mind,
Could not so much of pleasure find;
For there was little playmate Tim,
And no one seemed to think of him;
And Clifford wondered why it was
That he was missed by Santa Claus.

Now Santa Claus was good to some,
And every time he chanced to come
Their stockings filled unto the brim,
Which Clifford thought was kind in him;
But some, he knew, shared not so well,
And why it was he couldn't tell.

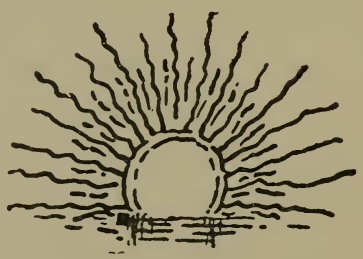
And thus he viewed it in a light
That Santa was not doing right;
For children all, so Clifford thought,
Should share alike the gifts he brought.
But how to change this all about
Was more than Clifford could think out.

And busy were his thoughts that morn
While spinning top and blowing horn.
He played his games with usual zest:
Then laid his plans before the rest.
The gifts that Santa brought to him,
He said he'd share with playmate Tim.

And so the others did agree
A real nice Santa he would be.
Then each one gave a gift or two
To help the kind old Santa through;
They helped to fill his funny pack
Until it bended o'er his back;
But bravely trudged he with his pile
And on his face there beamed a smile.

Without the deer, without the sleigh,
To Tim's he slowly made his way;
Nor by the chimney route could go,
For fire was in the stove below,
But was admitted at the door,
Then dropped his pack upon the floor.

And tears of joy sprang from his eyes,
When Tim expressed his glad surprise.
Now all those generous children say
It was their happiest Christmas day;
So who can tell which happier was,
The real or fancied Santa Claus?



THANKFUL CHILDREN

A GROUP of merry girls and boys
Stood round their grandpa's knee;
"What are you thankful for to-day,
My girls and boys?" said he.

Said Willie wise, with sparkling eyes,
"My crisp new dollar bill
That grandma gave, so I can save
And soon my pockets fill."

Then little Bess, in muslin dress,
Said, "Ribbons fine and lace;
So I can wear them in my hair
And beautify my face."

But little Ned, with hair so red,
Cared not for only looks;
But like a boy found all his joy
In blocks, and balls, and books.

And patient Sue, so kind and true,
Was thankful every day,
That she was fed with daily bread,
And taught her prayers to say.

But sweet-toothed Dick loved candy stick
And taffy made in rings,
And car'mel cakes and "lockjaw brakes,"
And other sugary things.

"Because I'm well," said darling Nell,
"I'm thankful every day!
For excellent health is best of wealth,
For girls who like to play."

But brown-eyed Lisle loved mama's smile,
And liked her cookies best;
And in her bed his sleepy head
Could find the sweetest rest.

Said blue-eyed Molly, "For my dolly
And for her trundle bed,
My golden fishes, and my dishes
From which my dolly's fed."

But hungry Sam for grandma's jam
Was truly thankful too,
And turkey roast and buttered toast
He liked, his grandpa knew.

But fairest May, in her sweet way,
Was glad for sweet Thanksgiving;
For 'tis a day for all to pray,
And thankful be for living.

"I'm glad to hear," said grandpa dear,
"My merry girls and boys,
That all of you are thankful too,
For all these earthly joys."

HOW PUSSY WAS LEFT

I saw my pussy run up a tree,
And wondered what could the matter be;
I heard a chirping loud and shrill,
And knew my pussy meant some ill.

I saw a bird amongst the limbs,
A-flapping his two spotted wings;
And how he chirped in mortal fear,
As pussy cat came creeping near!

She fixed her paws right for a spring
Upon the pretty little thing;
But ere she jumped and caught her prey,
The cunning bird had flown away.

Then pussy cat up in the tree
Just looked as sneaking as could be;
And down she came, from prey bereft,
For pussy cat was badly left.

WHAT MA KIN DO

Our ma, why she kin do most anything
What any other ma kin do;
An' makes old things look jest like new.
Why say, she makes my bestest Sunday pants
Out of pa's old un's fer me,
An' they're as slick as pants kin be.

An' dye! well she jest boils up some stuff
An' colors her old faded dress,
An' makes it all new fer sister Bess.
Nen sister Bess goes p'radin' round,
Jest like some other girls I know
What wears ther bestest clothes fer show.

An' bake! well you never tasted nuthin like
Them biscuits what's round an' thin,
An' them cookies what's got caraway in.
When I goes in the kitchen bake days,
An' kin sniff 'em in the pan —
Nen's when I eats jest like a man.

An' puddin's! the kind what taste so good;
You eat and rest, an' eat an' rest,
An' ne'er kin tell which one's the best.
An' pies! jest any kind you wants,
Made out of all the goodest stuff,
That never lasts half long ernuff.

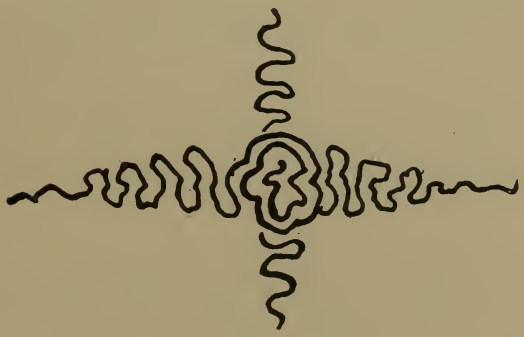
An' scold! well ma kin do her part,
'S well any other ma I guess;
Fer I gits it, an' so do sister Bess.
She scolds, an' scolds, an' nen she laffs;
But we don't care, 'cause you see,
We's both got used to it — Bess an' me.

An' sing! If you could only hear her onct!
It's sweeter 'n any singin' bird
That me er you has ever heard.
Her voice jest swells an' goes so high,
Nen dies away so soft an' sweet,
It makes yer feel like goin' ter sleep.

But talk! well seems t' us
Her tongue 's always goin' kerflop;
An' no one knows whene'er she'll stop.
She talks, an' talks, an' talks; an' pa —
Well, pa don't have nuthin 't all ter say,
But jest lets ma have all her way.

An' she keeps things movin',
House an' every thing goin'.
When ma begins her blowin',
Pa crawls off in the corner,
An' me an' Bess runs out ter play,
'Cause it's safer out o' ma's way.

But, after all, she's the goodest ma
That Bess and me e'er had,
Ef she do git cross an' mad;
An' pa jest worships her!
An' even when she's cross, our pa—
He says he's glad he married ma.



THE TWO FRIENDS

Two little friends went off to school,
Each had a basket, slate, and rule.

Friends so stanch and true were they,
Planning their future that morn in May.

Vowing that friends they'd always be,
And never, no, never should disagree!

Crossing their hearts in Indian style,
Sealing their vows with a kiss and smile.

One of them telling a story well
That many another had chanced to tell.

Telling a story that was ages old,
Telling a story that mustn't be told.

Mustn't be told to sister or brother,
Mustn't be told to father or mother.

Studies alike the two friends had,
Studies so hard for lass or lad.

Teacher admired the pair so young,
Wondering what? in the years to come.

Helping each other through tasks each day,
Sticking together like chums at play.

But what befell the friends so true?
Quarreled o'er nothing, as young friends do;

Both declaring the other one bad,
Both assuming to feel real mad.

Month after month sped on its way,
Bringing again the fairest May;

Friends, though parted, still go to school,
Each with a basket, slate, and rule.

Telling no stories of ages past,
Only a glance at the other is cast.

Only a glance — but it told them more
Than any story they'd told before.

WINKS

Eyes of blue and eyes of brown
Meet each other without a frown;

Bringing a blush to dimpled cheek,
Opening again their lips to speak.

What of the friends that fairest May,
That laid their plans for life's bright way?

Quarreled and parted as young friends do,
Kissed and "made up" their friendship anew.

Both declaring they weren't mad,
Both assuming to feel real bad.

And the "make up" ended as "make ups" do,
When friends are friends so stanch and true.

Year after year sped on its way,
Bringing again a morn in May;

Neither of them are going to school,
With basket, slate, and measuring rule;

But walking a way now side by side,
He as a husband, she as a bride.

A DAY WITHOUT A SERMON

It's a day without a sermon,
So pastor must keep quiet;
For 'tis our day to preach or pray,
And no one can deny it.

But we won't tire any one,
With oft-repeated text;
For we all know if time went slow,
You big folks would be vexed.

And then I'd fear you'd whisper,
Or, maybe, move your feet,
Or nod and gape, then steal a nap,
And tumble off your seat.

So we won't preach a sermon,
For you who chance to hear;
For it is best that all should rest
From sermons once a year.

For sermons do come often,
And few have any jokes;
And sometimes too, when old or new,
They tire us little folks.

And so a change one Sabbath
Will rest our pastor dear;
But it is strange so nice a change
Does come but once a year.

I think we'll all enjoy it;
And if you'll listen well,
We promise you we'll soon be through
With what we have to tell.

Our program is not lengthy,
But short and sweet with song;
So if you will keep very still,
We won't detain you long.

WHEN A FELLER'S A BOY

When a boy's born a boy,
    Why he'd better be dead;
Fer ther's nuthin in life,
    But some trouble ahead.
When he gits big enough
    Fer to want his own way,
An' his mother says "No!"
    Then's the dickens ter pay.
Why, you never does nuthin
    What you calls any joy,
But it ends up in trouble
    When a feller's a boy.

When you're "drainin'" a boy
    From the marbles he's got,
And his chum's lippin' in,
    Then the trouble gits hot.
Ef you're playin' at ball
    An' the game's goin' right,

Then the first thing you knows
There's a bust-up an' fight;
An' you sees your best chum
Throwed around like a toy,—
An' that's how it goes
When a feller's a boy.

Ef your neighbor's a boy,
Jest about your own size,
An' your sweetheart's a girl
With some purty blue eyes,
Then there's trouble agin!
An' the first thing you knows
He's a steppin' right in,
An' about to perpose;
Then he brags to his chums,
An' your feelin's alloy!—
An' that's what you gits
When a feller's a boy.

Now, the girls who ain't boys,
Are all lucky, you see;
Fer they don't have the trials
Like the boy who's like me,
By a stubbin' ther toes,
An' a-breakin' ther bones,

An' a-ketchin the deuce,
When they reaches ther homes.
No! ther lives is all smooth,
With nuthin to annoy—
But it's never like that
When a feller's a boy.

Now a boy is a boy!
An' it's no use to scold,
Fer he can't be no differ'nt
Until he gits old;
'Cause he can't help his ways
Ef he tries an' he tries,
Ner he can't see ahead
With a pair of boy's eyes.
So he's got ter live on
With more trouble than joy,
An' it makes a chap wish
That he *wasn't* a boy.

TWO GOSLINGS

Two goslings fair, a venturous pair,
Dwelt by an ocean deep and wide;
They loved it so, and longed to go
Upon its changing tide to ride—
Just once.

But goosies old these young had told
They must not venture on the sea;
But like young do, they thought they knew
There could no danger for them be.
Foolish pair!

Without a boat they went to float
Upon its wicked, dashing waves;
There came a gale and made them wail,
And now they sleep in watery graves.
Poor goslings!

WHEN MA BEGINS TO CLEAN

Of all the days that comes around,
There's none like happy spring,
When dandelions is peepin' up
And frogs begin to sing.
There's sunshine on the coalhouse roof,
An' on the grass so green;
But none of these is joy to me
When ma begins to clean.

You dasn't have the kids around
To play at hide an' seek,
'Cause ef the boys makes any noise
She'll yell, "You younguns, sneak!"
I dasn't jig upon the floor,
Ner even slam the screen,
'Cause them is dangerous times for me
When ma begins to clean.

L. of C.

She turns the cupboards out-side-in,
And finds my balls an' bats;
Then turns the closets down-side-up,
An' shakes my coats an' hats.
Then all my pockets catch it too,
An' things flies down the drain,
Unless I hides 'em all away
When ma begins to clean.

An' when the neighbors come to call,
She never stops a bit;
But tells 'em all she's lots to do,
An' soon they'll up an' git.
An' ef a agent's at the door—
He'd better not be seen!
'Cause no one's 'lowed to hang around
When ma begins to clean.

An' ef the stovepipe tumbles out,
An' soot is in the air,
An' pa is called to put it back,
Why, he don't even swear;
But puts it back without a word—
Don't even say, "It's mean."
It's better not to say so much
When ma begins to clean.

The dinners too is purty slim,
But pa don't say a word;
'Cause pa is old enough to know
He'd better not be heard.
He's lived with ma for many years,
An' says, "Life ain't no dream,
When everything is down-side-up
An' ma begins to clean."

Us childerns has to walk er line,
Er else we'll wish we had;
'Cause we don't like the consequence
When ma is cleaning mad.
We'd ruther live in all the dirt
An' have it alus seen,
Than live the times we alus does
When ma begins to clean.

BOY AND BEE

THERE lived a shining bumblebee,
That loved the scented flowers;
And so he sipped their honey sweet
Through all the sunny hours.

He loved the rose for it's perfume,
The pansy for its "face,"
The poppy for its gaudy style,
The tulip for its grace.

There was a naughty little boy,
That loved the flowers too;
But every time he saw that bee,
He made a great ado.

He chased him from the 'glory vine,
And from the roses red,
And from the other scented flowers
Where bumble put his head.

Poor bumblebee was sorely grieved,
And sought his humble nest
Within a blooming clover field,
Where he could peacefully rest.

But boy and bee met once again
Within a flowery spot;
Then bee did plant upon boy's nose
A quick forget-me-not.

Now boy and bee do quite agree
Through all the sunny hours;
For naughty boy is 'fraid to chase
The bee from scented flowers.

HARLEY'S TRIP TO DREAMLAND

One night
When I climbed into bed
And covered my head,
The moon and stars were bright;
Then I dropped into sleep
That was peaceful and deep,
And sailed away from sight.

And I took my trip
In a big white ship
To that dreamland, beamland world;
And the flag waved high
In the moonlit sky
That the wind of night unfurled.

The wind was strong,
So I sailed along
In a hurr'ing, skurr'ing race;
And the queer things there
Made me laugh and stare,
That dwelt in that dreamland place.

For the frogs had wings,
And they did queer things,
And the birds had fins and scales;
And the ducks had wool
That the maids could pull,
And the fish had legs and tails.

And the girls were fair,
With ribbons for hair,
But their hats were made of leaves;
And they wore shirtwaists
Of the queerest of taste,
With the stars and stripes for sleeves.

They had eyes of blue
That would shine like dew,
When the light had died away;
They would sing and talk,
And dance the "cake walk,"
When the stars came out to play.

They could teach the birds
How to spell big words,
And the ducks to climb up trees;
And the lambs and sheep
How to play bo-peep,
And the hop-toads how to sneeze.

There I watched those girls
With their ribbon curls,
Till I wished they all were mine;
And I thought, if I could,
That I sure, certain would
Send them each a valentine.

Soon the stars grew dim,
And the moon got slim,
So I left that dreamland town.
When my ship sailed back
It was only a hack
With runners of sky-blue-brown.

BILLIE

Billie went a-fishing,
In a little brook;
With a little string for line,
And a bended pin for hook.

Billie lost his balance,
And fell into the brook;
Then scrambled for the shore,
But lost his little hook.

Billie never fishes now,
In a little brook,
With a little string for line
And a bended pin for hook.

For Billie learned a lesson
That he never can forget;
So he stays away from brooks,
'Cause he's 'fraid of getting wet.

GEORGE'S LETTER

When George was thinking one dark night,
He wondered how it was
That down the chimney without light,
Could come old Santa Claus.

"'Tis nearly Christmas time," he thought,
So fetched his pen and ink,
"And just before I go to bed
I'll write a line, I think.

"I'll write him what I'd like to get,
In this wee Christmas note,
And then I know he won't forget."
So George then sat and wrote·

"I'm just as good as I can be,
'Cause mama said I am;
So won't you bring some gifts for me,
For 'mama's little man?'

"I don't want any dolls, you know,
'Cause I'm one of the boys;
But bring a drum, and horn to blow,
So I can make some noise.

"And don't bring any 'girlish' sled,
'Cause they are all so high;
"But bring a 'low-down' painted red,
So I can fairly fly.

"Now, Santa, please do 'member plain
When you come Christmas time,
Don't put my gifts for sister Jane,
'Cause her foot's big as mine.

"My stocking's got a ribbon on,
All tied in stylish bows;
But Jane's is almost twice as long,
And 'holey' at the toes."

He sealed that letter with a lick,
To make it fasten tight,
Then pressed it hard to make it stick,
That stormy, wintry night.

But where, oh, where was Santa's home?
Now puzzled George's brain;
For was it built in sunny Rome,
Or on an iceland plain?

And who would take the letter there?
What postman knew the way?
For Santa lived — no one knew where,
No one could even say.

He tore it up and went to bed
Without his evening prayer,
For stranger thoughts went through his head
As he climbed the kitchen stair.

So *very* queer one seemed to be,
And this is what it was:
"It's all a —— they're telling me,
There ain't no Santa Claus!"

FORGETFUL TOMMIE

Young Tommie was a laddie
Who loved to pout and fret;
Who never could remember,
But always would forget.
He never knew for anything
That wasn't just in sight,
And seldom ever did he know
Where he left his clothes at night.

And when he woke at morning,
'Twas "Mama, where's my clothes?
I don't know where I left 'em,
I guess nobody knows."
And when 'twas time to go to school,
'Twas hunt for this or that;
'Twas, "Where's my umbrella?"
Or, "Help me find my hat."

And thus he kept her hunting
To find his needed things,
Till mama often wondered
If his clothes had taken wings;
And it was a dreadful habit
That he allowed to grow,
Of putting every article
Where it surely didn't go.

His shoes were in the kitchen,
His hat "hung on the floor,"
His coat was in the parlor,
Or lost behind the door;
His bat was in the corner,
His ball was anywhere,
His collar on the mantle,
And necktie on a chair.

He never knew for pencils,
But "lost 'em all," he said,
Till teacher often wondered
If he knew where sat his head.
He seldom knew for lessons,
The pages he "forgot";
And never seemed to worry
If he learned them well or not.

But mama found a remedy
For boys of Tommie's kind,
And gave it in such doses
That it cured his thoughtless mind.
And it wasn't "bread and lasses,"
With sugar on the top,
Nor it wasn't taffy candy;
But 'twas simply: "I forgot."

She forgot to find his clothing,
When he called for them at morn;
Forgot to mend his pockets,
When she found them ripped and torn;
She forgot to get his breakfast
When Tommie went to school;
And forgot to kiss him bye-bye,
Till "forgot" became a rule.

And thus she gave the doses
That cured his pout and fret,
And never in years after
Did he ever once forget.
And they cured him of the habit
That he allowed to grow,
Of putting every article
Where it surely didn't go.

US TWO

My sis'er Sue, she's littler 'n me,
'Cause I is five an' her is free.

But some day, sis'er Sue, she
'Ill jess ketch up to me.

I's got some tops 'at whirls an' sings
An' she's got dishes an' uzer fings.

But we likes dolls, we bof us do!
'Cause I's got one an' she's got two.

But my poor doll has boke her head,
An' sis'er says 'at makes her dead.

So us played funeral t'other day,
An' took my poor dead doll away.

An' then us cried some little too,
'Cause sis'er said 'at bid folks do.

Nen mama said 'twas awful sad
That dolly's head was boke so bad.

An' when the funeral was all froo,
We dugged my dolly up,—us two,—

An' put her in her little bed,
Nen mama fixed her boken head.

But our mama, she loves us two,
'Cause her always says her do!

An' we loves her an' loves each uver!
'Cause she's my sis'er an' I's her bruver

A NAUGHTY HORNET

A-STROLLING out one morning,
A June bug chanced to spy
A cricket by the roadside
A-chirping to a fly.

Along the road came beetle,
A-singing of the past;
Around him they all gathered
A-list'ning to the blast.

Across the way came hopper,
A-hopping through the gate;
A-tumbling over June bug,
Afraid he would be late.

A-down from tree came hornet,
A-buzzing very loud,
Alighting very softly
Amongst the noisy crowd.

A spider came a-weaving,
A-swinging into space
Above the noisy singers
A web of catchy lace.

Away the singers scattered,
A-leaving spider wise
A-thinking he was catching
A dinner worth a prize.

A hopper hopped way out of sight,
A beetle followed too,
A bug went limping through the grass,
A cricket chirped, "Adieu."

A hornet left a spider
A-swinging in the air,
A-crying and a-dying, because
A hornet stung him there.

CLEMONT'S DAY DREAM

Clemont was whiling the hours away,
Dreaming a dream one summer day;

Sitting beneath a shady tree,
Wishing that he a man might be;

Wishing for riches, wishing for fame,
Wishing that he as a king might reign.

A cloud sailed o'er the sky so blue
And hid the sun from Clemont's view;

He watched it float and disappear,
Until again the sky was clear.

He looked again and thoughts like this
Went through his mind in dreamy bliss:

When I'm a man a king I'll be,
And rule the land from sea to sea;

I'll live a life of wealth and ease,
And always do as I may please.

He closed his eyes and soon became
A noted king of golden fame,

Who sat upon a royal throne
And ruled the world as king alone;

A king with diamonds rich and rare,
That sparkled in his jetty hair.

His body guards were laughing girls,
With saucy eyes and sunny curls.

His chariots were all "auto'biles"
With silver springs and golden wheels.

And all his horses highly fed
On pies and cakes and ginger bread.

His dogs fared well on sweetened milk,
And wore high hats of china silk.

His cats were robed in costly fur,
And to the king would softly pur.

And when King Clemont went to ride,
The cats and dogs sat by his side.

He rode about in royal style,
And greeted all with pleasant smile.

The people laughed and cheered him loud.
Whene'er he passed a merry crowd.

He waved his hand in rapturous glee,
For king and ruler now was he.

A cloud passed o'er the sky so blue,
And hid the sun from mortal view;

It floated off and dropped a tear,
That fell upon King Clemont's ear.

It woke him up and spoiled his joy:
For he was yet — but a little boy.

JOHNNY'S SISTERS

JOHNNY'S sisters numbered three,
And all had sunny curls;
But poor Johnny couldn't see
Why he should so bothered be
With such a lot of girls.

There was older sister Bess,
Johnny's second mother;
Next came blue-eyed "bossy" Tess.
Number three was wilful Jess,
No better than the other.

How they loved to tease and spat,
The naughty little chicks!
They would hide his ball and bat,
Wear his Sunday coat and hat,
And serve him other tricks.

Girls were such a hateful race!
Johnny would declare;
For he never went a place,
But they all would wash his face,
And comb his tangled hair.

Johnny's faults were many too,
For such a tiny lad;
But his sisters always knew
What was really best to do
When Johnny acted bad.

One day Johnny fell quite ill;
"'Tis mumps," the doctor said.
Then his sisters, 'gainst his will,
Made him swallow down a pill,
And put him in his bed.

In his bed poor Johnny lay,
As sick as he could be;
Couldn't join in any play
Through the long and dreary day,
With his sisters three.

Mustard plasters they did make,
Till Johnny was a fright;
Pumpkin pies and puddings bake,
Richest kind of frosted cake
To tempt his appetite.

And they cared for him so kind,—
The precious little brother,—
No better nurses could he find;
All his wants they seemed to mind,
Like a thoughtful mother.

So they pulled sick Johnny through,
With such a dreadful face;
For Johnny's sisters always knew
What was really best to do
In little brother's case.

Though his sisters numbered three,
And all have sunny curls,
Little Johnny now can see
What a lucky boy is he
With such a lot of girls.

LITTLE BROTHER, LITTLE SISTER

Do NOT quarrel with each other,
Little sister, little brother;
'Tis a naughty thing to do,
And it hurts your mother too,
To quarrel with each other.

Do not strike or push each other,
Little sister, little brother;
'Tis a sin to strike a blow
That will cause a tear to flow,
And hurt the heart of mother.

Love each other while you may,
Gentle be in all your play,
For there'll come a sorry day
When you'll be parted from each other,
Little sister, little brother.

WILL'S DOLLAR BILL

Our Will had earned a dollar bill,
And rich he seemed to be;
But what to do with such a sum
Was more than he could see.
He wondered 'bout the prices now,
And if they'd be too high;
How far his treasured sum would go
When he began to buy.

There were so many different things
That Will had wanted so;
But which of them he wanted most
He really didn't know.
He looked the merchant's windows o'er
Until his eyes grew dim,
And sighed to think those pretty toys
Were never meant for him.

But now he had a dollar bill
That he had really earned;
And so he'd have the tempting things
For which he long had yearned.
And he was going to *buy* them too,
And spend his every cent,
So with a bright and smiling face
Into a store he went.

But *how* to spend his precious cash
And get the most for it,
Was quite a serious question now
That puzzled him a bit.
For Will had longed to have some cars,
And wished for bat and ball,
And longed for books and jolly games,
But now, he'd *have* them all.

A bat and ball he'd purchase first,
So picked them from the rest;
He'd waited for them such a time
And *now* he'd have the best!
He asked the price, and trembled while
He waited for reply;
Then with a disappointed look
He said, "That's most too high!"

He changed his mind then "double-quick!"
For that would never do;
His dollar would be nearly gone
And he not half way through.
The bat, he thought, would soon be broke,
The ball would soon be lost,
And then he wanted neither one,
At any trifling cost.

He looked at books and then at games,
And asked the price of each;
But found the sum when added up
Beyond his dollar's reach.
And so he couldn't have the things
That he had longed to buy;
For just a dollar wasn't much,
When prices were so high.

And that was far as he would go,
He cared to try no more;
His pile of cash looked very small
To what it had before.
"But now I know what I can do!"
Thought poor, discouraged Will,
"I'll do without the useless things,
And *save* my dollar bill."

THE DIFFERENT KIND ER BOY

THERE's another boy what I know,
And he ain't like me;
But we alus kin agree.
He's a differ'nt kind er boy.

He's got yeller curls;
He wouldn't step on a worm
Jest to see it jump and squirm,—
He'd go way round it.

But I wouldn't do that!
I like to hold 'em up so,
An' then give 'em a throw,
As far as I can make 'em go.

Us other boys call him a girl-boy;
But his pa calls him "sonny,"
An' his ma calls him "honey,"
An' he likes them names.

He don't tear his pants like me;
Ner carry stones in his pockets,
Ner shoot any sky rockets,
'Cause he's 'fraid of 'em.

He squeals like a girl too,
And plays all day with dolls,
Instead of playin' with balls
Like us other boys do.

He never gits inter any fights,
Ner ever wades in ditches,
An' makes his ma cut switches,
'Cause he never does nuthin bad.

He can't whistle good as I kin,
Ner throw near as far either,
He never hits nuthin neither,
'Cause he throws like a girl.

I am glad I ain't like him!
My mother says she likes boys
That's full of fun an' noise.
An' she thinks I'm *all right.*

PA'S MEM'RY

It's a purty hard thing for a fellow that's young,
To be alus corrected when he's having some fun;
But a hundred times worse and twicer as sad,
To have a poor father whose mem'ry is bad.

For his boyhood is gone and will never come back
To take him again o'er its troublesome track;
But I wish he could live it all over again,
Then he might recollect like the rest of the men.

But he only kin mind that he never did wrong,
When he was a boy in the days that are gone.

An' he never remembers the tricks that he did,
Nor the stories he told when he was a kid;
An' he's kinder forgotten the music of pails
That he ust to tie to the neighbor cats' tails.

An' one of the things that he don't seem to mind
Is the poor robin's nest that he often would find;
When grandma would say, "'Tis a pity an' shame,"
Why he was the boy that was never to blame.

Nor he doesn't remember a day in his years,
That he ever caused grandma to shed any tears;
An' I think it as funny as father himself,
How her doughnuts an' pies disappeared from the
shelf.

But his mem'ry is poor an' in such a bad state,
That it's seldom a trick of his youth can relate.
But I happened ter know of a thing er two
That pa an' his chums could ust ter do.

An' the boys were worser in the days gone by
Than ever we'd be if we'd try an' we'd try!
An', mind you, I know that my father was bad,
For grandpa ust often to give him the gad.

So he oughtn't to scold his poor little boy,
Who never does nothin' to hurt or annoy;
For days will be dreary an' years will be sad
A-livin' with him while his mem'ry is bad.

THE TREE-TOAD ON THE LIMB

THERE was a little tree-toad once
That sat upon a limb;
That little tree-toad winked at me,
And then I winked at him.

And then he winked at me again,
That tree-toad on the limb;
So I just kept a-winking too,
And got the wink on him.

IT WASN'T ME!

THERE lived a little laddie once
Who never "did no wrong";
He never was the guilty one
When anything was gone.

"It wasn't me who done it,"
He said to sister May,
When dolly's head was broken
Or pussy scared away.

"It wasn't me who et it!"
Was always his reply,
When grandma would inquire
Who'd eaten all the pie.

"It wasn't me who throwed it!"
He told his teacher too,
When window panes were broken
By sticks and stones he threw.

"It wasn't me beginned it!"
When a quarrel was on the go;
And, "'Twas him that made a face
And struck the firstest blow!"

Nor he "wasn't doin' nuthin,"
When the fellow called him names;
Nor he "didn't do no cheatin',"
When he played in any games.

Nor it wasn't he who whispered
And broke the teacher's rule;
Nor it wasn't he who disobeyed
And ran away from school.

Oh, he's quite a little angel!
And no one does annoy;
And we're glad in our school
We haven't such a boy.

IF

If I could only change this world to suit me,
How different the lives of us boys 'uld be!
From work an' from scoldin's we'd all be set free.

Then school wouldn't keep more'n a day in a week,
An' Sunday'd be Monday, an' Monday'd be fine,
Without any clouds, an' nuthin but shine.

Nor there wouldn't be night comin' on after day,
So all of the boys 'ould do nuthin but play;
An' every last one could have his own way.

Then we all could set up like the biggest of folks,
An' listen to stories or laugh at the jokes,
Without ever getting them "go-to-bed pokes."

An' all of the apples that fell to the ground,
I'd turn into peaches all yellow an' sound,
An' never forget to pass 'em around.

An' quinces would grow all juicy an' sweet,
An' all the year round be ready to eat
With sugar an' cream that couldn't be beat.

An' cherries would grow in the cold winter time,
When robin was callin' in a sunnier clime,
So he couldn't steal of your cherries or mine.

An' nice apple dumplin's would grow ready made,
An' dew would be honey an' flow in the shade
By the side of a stream of cool lemonade.

An' dumplin's would drop right down from trees
Right into the honey, as nice as you please;
An' the honey would smoke an' scare off the bees.

Then boys would be happy, an' life would be sweet,
With nothing to do an' plenty to eat.

GEORGE'S EXAMPLE

'Twas a long time ago, so histories tell,
That little George Washington came here to dwell;
And nobody thought the baby so small
Would ever grow up so grand and so tall.

But never once caring for what people said,
He sprang into boyhood with wonderful tread;
And set an example, as every one knows,
That will ne'er be forgotten while a cherry-tree grows.

It was telling the truth, as an honest boy can,
And sticking right to it, till he grew up a man.
And he never regretted, as the years sped away,
That he told but the truth to his father that day.

Now, 'twas awfully wrong to cut down a tree,
But a great sight wronger it surely would be
For a chap with a hatchet the trick to deny,
And tell to his father a "barefaced" — untruth.

If you've done a wrong deed and your pap finds
it out,
Just do as young George did — don't keep him in
doubt;
But hold up your head, and look in his eye —
Don't stammer or stutter — But say, "It was I"!

Now, we can't all be Washingtons and reach a
great fame;
Nor we can't all be Lincolns and earn a great
name;
But we all can be men that are loyal and true,
That will stand for the right in all that we do.

There's a place for each one to honorably fill;
A name for each one to make, if he will;
A duty for each one in life set apart,
A duty from which we should never depart.

And when we are grown to manhood's estate,
In goodness and kindness let us *try* to be great.

DAVID'S SOLILOQUY

Now, a boy is one kind of person,
And his sister is another,
And it's her place to wash dishes,
And wait on her brother,
I think.

And if she's bigger 'n nim,
Why, she ought to find his hat,
And brush his shoes and coat,
And keep track of his ball and bat
And other things.

And go and get 'em every time
That he wants to play,
'Thout sassin him back,
When he asts her in a nice way
To fetch 'em.

Then if she's stouter 'n him,
    She ought to do the heavy work,
'Stead of settin' in the parlor,
    And always tryin' to shirk
        It onto him.

Girls ain't s' much account as boys!
    And they cost more too;
'Cause they're never 't all satisfied,
    But always wantin' somethin' new
        To make 'em purty.

And they think they're better 'n boys!
    But they know how to raise a fuss,
And know how to slide out of it
    And lay the blame onto us
        Every time.

I don't see what we have to have
    So many of 'em around for!
They're kind a handy sometimes;
    But I'm glad there ain't any more
        In our family!

I think other boys' sisters act
A good deal nicer 'n mine do!
And I like 'em better 'n mine!
And they like me better too,—
So they say.

MARTIN'S REWARD

In frosty array St. Valentine's Day
Had dawned again as of old;
But boys and girls went off to school
Ne'er minding the frost nor cold.

And all had spent their every cent
To buy some valentines,
And hoped to please their dearest friends
With some sweet love-writ lines.

One happy lad, 'mongst others, had
Long counted on the day;
And saved his pennies and his dimes
To spend them in that way.

And thus he bought for those he thought
That were neglected so;
For every year he grieved to see
That some had none to show.

And in his heart he felt the smart
For those who never got any;
Who never knew the joy expressed
By those who got so many.

And so this year he planned to cheer
Each sad, neglected friend;
And all, he said, should share alike
The gifts that he should send.

Oh, what a joy for this one boy;
And how their faces glowed;
When each received the little gift
That Martin had bestowed!

But none of them had thought to send
A valentine to him;
What wonder that unbidden tears
Had made his eyes grow dim.

But naught he said, as home he sped,
Of all that he had done;
And then to mother dear he told
That he had gotten none.

But mother dear had words of cheer,
And this is what she said:
"Although no pleasure you've received,
You've given much instead.

"And that, my boy, should bring you joy,
And this your motto be:
'I'll give to others all I can,
Though they forgetteth me.'"

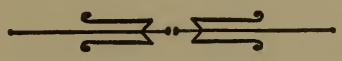
Though Martin had felt very sad
Because he hadn't any,
The joy of giving unto others
Was a reward worth many.

WHEN I'M GROWED UP BIG

When I'm growed up big,
I'll be, if I can,
Just the very nicest
Kind of a man.

I never will swear
Like the most boys do;
I never will drink,
Nor tobacco will chew.

I'll try to be good
And do as I ought,
And remember the words
That mama has taught,
When I'm growed up big.



CHANGES

(Lines written when Lisle began to go to school.)

Why is the house so lonely and still?
Why is the silence so deathlike and chill?
Where is the baby that oft before
Sat playing with blocks on the kitchen floor?

The blocks in the corner are all in a pile,
With a row of brownies in single file.
The chairs, as I put them, each in its place;
But where, oh where! is the baby face?

There's a little worn cap that hangs on a nail,
There's a battered drum and a beaten pail,
And books of stories he liked to hear;
But where, oh where! is my little dear?

There's a little shoe that is badly worn,
There's a little coat all tattered and torn,
And a little flag that saw better days
Till it fell in the hands of a baby's ways.

Oh, where is the boy I loved so well?
He's gone to another house to dwell.
Oh, where is the boy with face so fair?
He's gone to be in another one's care.

The doors are all shut and in order the room,
But the house is filled with a dreadful gloom;
While I sit and grieve o'er changes sad,
Yet in my heart I really am glad.

The door bursts open, and with slate and rule
In comes my six-year-old baby from school.
His face all aglow with pride and with joy,
And home once again is my sweet baby boy.

JULY

The gunny time, the funny time,
Is when July rolls round;
For then the boys with cracker noise,
Are making lots of sound.

'Tis then we hear the cannon clear,
And see the rocket's show;
'Tis then we look for line and hook,
And all a-fishing go.

Then school is out, so we may shout
And play upon the grass;
We'll climb the trees and hunt the bees,
And live on "garden sass."

We'll hie away at break o' day
To find the shady nook;
We'll find the stream and soon be seen
A-wading in the brook.

We'll mow the fields and gather yields
And thresh them bye and bye;
And so we'll live and always wish
The months were all July.

AUGUST

The hottest time in any clime,
Is when hot August does draw near;
The mercury boils, the pudding spoils,
And doggy days are here.

Oh, these are days for picnic plays,
And games upon the green;
And now we'll find the melon rind
On picnic ground is seen.

And now we'll hear the crickets drear,
In crickets' mournful lay;
They'll chirp the song they've chirped so long,
From eve till break o' day.

I'd have this time in every clime,
And never mind the sun,
If I could stay from school away,
And always have such fun.

I wish these days with all these plays,
Could last forevermore;
I hate the looks of study books,
When vacation is all o'er!

SEPTEMBER

September has come, a month so fair,
With ripened fruit and cooler air;
With golden rod, so bright and yellow,
With pippins round, so nice and mellow.

The tempting grape upon the vine
Is picked and crushed to ruby wine;
The asters proudly nod their heads
To neighbor flowers in other beds.

Now Katie's song upon the breeze
Is wafted from the orchard trees;
She sings her song as oft before,
But sings the same one o'er and o'er.

The autumn comes with silent tread,
And turns the woodbine's green to red;
And follows summer's hurrying feet
With cooler winds for ones of heat.

Now is the time to store away
The golden fruit for winter's day;
And so this month is brighter far
Than all the months of summer are.

OCTOBER

October is here, so gay and bright,
And old Jack Frost has peeped in sight.
He hid away when springtime came,
But now he's seen in field and lane.

He'll paint the leaves all red and gold
And make them lovely to behold;
He'll nip the bud and tender shoot,
Then laugh to see the flowers droop.

He'll freeze the burrs on the chestnut-tree,
And open them all for us to see;
He'll make the nuts from the hickory fall,
That we may find them, one and all.

We'll stroll through wood and walk through leaves,
And redden our cheeks in autumn's breeze.
No other month can e'er compare
With the hazy days of October fair.

These days are brighter far than all
The days of summer, spring, or fall;
With changing hues so bright and gay,
I wish this month would always stay.

NOVEMBER

The dreary days of November
Have come with sky o'ercast;
And days of summer glory
Are days now of the past.

But though the days are gloomy
Without the sun's bright ray,
There comes a time of pleasure,
We call Thanksgiving Day.

We hear the church bells ringing,
And see them gather in;
We hear the people singing,
Their praises unto Him.

And how the praises echo,
From church to towering hill;
They lift our thoughts to heaven —
Our hearts with gladness fill.

Though Nature sheds her beauty,
And summer days are o'er;
There still is one remaining,
We should be thankful for.

DECEMBER

DECEMBER is here, the end of the year,
The month that I like best;
For Christmas time, with merry chime,
Is better than all the rest.

The jingle of bells a sweet story tells,
How a Babe in a manger lay;
How a shining star guided afar
The men who were searching the way.

The story so sweet we always repeat
As Christmas time draws nigh;
That little ones dear the story may hear,
And learn of Jesus on high.

And jingle of bells another one tells,
A story they like to hear:
Of a queer old chap with a queer old cap,
Who comes but once a year.

So bells may chime for Christmas time,
The merriest of the year;
So well I like the Christmas bright,
I would keep it always here.

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